

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER,
Owner and Editor.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

\$1.00 PER YEAR,
Always in Advance.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1899.

NUMBER 21.

August Redemption

—OF THE—

PHOENIX INVESTMENT CO.,

(INCORPORATED)

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Dr. F. O. YOUNG, President,
E. T. HOULIHAN, First Vice President,
H. T. DUNCAN, Second Vice President,
PHIL J. GORMLEY, Treasurer,
J. J. WOODS, Secretary,
J. EMBRY ALLEN, Gen. Counsel.

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DR. F. O. YOUNG, E. T. HOULIHAN,
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JOHN F. COMBS, B. B. JONES,
J. J. WOODS, J. EMBRY ALLEN.

August Redemption of the Phoenix Investment Co. Incorpor'd, Lexington, Ky.

Number of coupons redeemed.....1,747
Amount in Coupon Fund.....\$4,817 40
Amount paid out.....4,804 25

Balance left in Coupon Fund.....\$18 15
Amount passed to Reserve Fund.....\$1,376 40

Coupons Redeemed August 25th, 1899.

COUPONS REDEEMED.	NAME.	ADDRESS.	REDEMPTION VALUE.	COST.
92.....	Mary A. Gormley.....	Lexington, Ky.....	\$253 00	\$ 92 00
250.....	The Filson Club.....	".....	687 50	250 00
182.....	J. B. Casson & Co.....	".....	500 50	182 00
15.....	Business Men's Pool.....	Winchester, ".....	41 25	15 00
39.....	R. R. Men's Pool.....	Lexington, Ky.....	107 25	39 00
194.....	City Bus. Men's Pool.....	".....	533 50	194 00
50.....	J. E. Allen.....	".....	137 50	50 00
35.....	B. E. Allen.....	".....	68 75	25 00
5.....	J. Allen.....	".....	13 75	5 00
12.....	Mrs. S. J. Brooks.....	".....	33 00	12 00
6.....	Miss Margaret Lorrain.....	".....	16 50	6 00
11.....	J. H. Combs.....	".....	30 25	11 00
14.....	Albert E. Carter.....	".....	38 50	14 00
16.....	R. J. Colbert.....	".....	44 00	16 00
15.....	Nicholas Daley.....	".....	41 25	15 80
7.....	Mrs. R. DeBore.....	".....	19 25	7 00
4.....	Mrs. Louisa Dupee.....	".....	11 00	4 00
5.....	S. P. Dodd.....	".....	13 75	5 00
7.....	John Fry.....	".....	19 25	7 00
12.....	James W. Gordon.....	".....	33 00	12 00
158.....	Phil. J. Gormley.....	".....	434 50	158 00
7.....	David Hughes.....	".....	19 25	7 00
20.....	Walter Harper.....	Mt. Sterling, ".....	55 00	20 00
17.....	Mrs. Mattie Jones.....	Lexington, ".....	46 75	17 00
2.....	Henry Jackson.....	".....	5 50	2 00
4.....	W. T. King.....	Paris, ".....	11 00	4 00
6.....	W. H. Kirby.....	Maysville, ".....	16 50	6 00
2.....	A. M. Lutz.....	Lexington, ".....	8 50	2 00
1.....	Gus Lockman.....	".....	2 75	1 00
36.....	Samuel Magee.....	".....	99 00	36 00
69.....	Mrs. Mary McGinnis.....	".....	198 00	69 00
29.....	J. P. Montjoy.....	".....	79 75	29 00
10.....	John McGurk.....	".....	27 50	10 00
6.....	John Day.....	Covington, ".....	16 50	6 00
19.....	T. G. Saxton.....	Lexington, ".....	52 25	19 00
6.....	Claude A. Sittason.....	".....	16 50	6 00
12.....	Mrs. Martha Smalls.....	".....	33 00	12 00
35.....	John L. Thomkins.....	".....	96 25	35 00
4.....	Mrs. D. D. Taylor.....	".....	11 00	4 00
2.....	E. B. Tingle.....	".....	5 50	2 00
3.....	William J. Urfer.....	".....	8 25	3 00
14.....	R. L. Woodrum.....	".....	28 50	14 00
2.....	J. F. Woods.....	Cynthiana, ".....	5 50	2 00
3.....	Wm. Walker.....	Lexington, ".....	8 25	3 00
2.....	Wm. H. Waldea.....	".....	5 50	2 00
2.....	Clark Walter.....	".....	8 25	3 00
10.....	F. O. Young.....	".....	27 50	10 00
1.....	Joseph Spicer.....	".....	2 75	1 00
5.....	Mrs. Mattie Claton.....	Covington, ".....	13 70	5 00
50.....	Thomas H. Shelby.....	".....	137 50	50 00

SPECIAL REDEMPTION.

66.....	Mary A. Gormley.....	Lexington, Ky.....	181 50	\$ 65 00
6.....	The Filson Club.....	".....	16 50	6 00
18.....	Nicholas Daley.....	".....	49 50	18 00
42.....	Samuel Magee.....	".....	115 50	42 00
54.....	J. B. Casson & Co.....	".....	148 50	54 00
18.....	Mrs. Mary McGinnis.....	".....	49 25	18 00
6.....	John Day.....	Covington, ".....	16 50	6 00
36.....	John L. Thomkins.....	Lexington, ".....	99 00	36 00

LEXINGTON, KY., August 25, 1899.

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the undersigned, members of the committee appointed to superintend the redemption of the Phoenix Investment Co., have this day examined the books and checked the redemption for the month of August. We find the books are kept in such a way as to make the matter of checking easy, and do attest the correctness of same.

C. C. CALHOUN, Attorney at Law, 19 Cheapside.
HORACE JOHNSON, E. P. JOHNSON & Co., Plumbing, 18 Market Street.
S. E. HILL, U. S. Commissioner, Northern Bank Bldg.

THE PHOENIX INVESTMENT CO., is based on the same principle as Life Insurance Companies, excepting we do not promise to pay as large returns for your money as the Insurance Companies have paid, and are paying. But they pay your heirs. We pay you, you would rather have \$100.00 while you live than \$1,000.00 after you are dead.

We call special attention to the list of Coupons that have matured in our August redemption. Our business is large and is continually increasing, for our system has merited the success that our Company has met with. The average business man is too busy with his own business to give enough of his time to a thorough study of any other business, and he takes the experience of his fellow-man that it is either good or bad. Therefore we take pleasure in the above statement, by showing the results attained by some of our investors. Other testimonials will be furnished upon application.

For literature and further information call on or address,

SPENCER COOPER, Gen'l Agent.
Hazel Green, Ky

TAULBEE TALKS.

A Defense of An Article Published in the Dispatch About the Goebel Meeting Held Here a Few Weeks Ago.

HAZEL GREEN, KY., Oct. 16, 1899.

EDITOR HERALD:

To the Democrats of Kentucky and especially of the mountains, this is the most momentous time in the history of Democracy. We are besieged by the ever subtle and alert enemy of our freedom and rights—the Republicans without and disappointed politicians within our ranks. Remember the year of 1896, when we were betrayed both in the national and state elections by the same envious and treacherous friends, both men and press, and view the result. If you believe in the principles of Democracy, stand firmly by the flag. Shame on a newspaper or a man that will pretend to belong to a party and then advocate and advertise a candidate or a policy that opposes the principles of the party to which he claims to belong. Behold the Dispatch and Evening Post, look what a change has come over them since '96; how can a man or party of men change so suddenly and so often. The paper or the man that oppose Goebel on the principles of the platform of the Louisville convention cannot be a Democrat. The Louisville Dispatch is now doing the very thing it swore at in '96, advocating a bolter's ticket. Think of it, Democrats. Did you believe what the Dispatch said in '96 concerning Palmer and Buckner? They are just the same kind of Democrats that Brown and the rest of the Lexington ticket are. If at Chicago Mr. Palmer or Mr. Buckner had been on the National ticket, don't you know they would have urged the election of Bryan, and have favored the platform; so if John Young Brown or any of the men on his ticket had been nominated at Louisville they would have favored and urged the election of that ticket, and called any man who opposed it a bolter. What did the leaders of the Brown party say of Palmer and Buckner? They could not find names black enough for them. Look at the good things the Brown papers say of the Republican ticket, and the evil things they say of the Goebel ticket. Now, I happen to know nearly every Democrat in the tenth congressional district, as well as the men who have bolted, and are for Brown. In my town, where there are seven or eight men who say they are for the Brown ticket, I am sure 'tis not the first time they have scratched, save one man, and I believe 'tis the same over the district.

Now, fellow Democrats of Kentucky, if you can't support Mr. Goebel and the Louisville ticket, vote the Republican ticket as did the majority of the Palmer and Buckner fry in '96. Belong to a party that has a standing, or just kill your selves and don't hang on to a skeleton when there is no hope of success. Don't try to destroy your neighbor because he is more lucky than you and got the nomination; don't exist in disguise, for the veil must be removed as in the case of the great Kentuckian, Mr. Carlisle. Now what does the Democrats of Kentucky think of him, also of Mr. Buckner, men for whom we all yelled ourselves hoarse, and what have they done for us. Betrayed us into the hands of Mark Hanna and the Republican party and says help yourselves.

Now, the cry of fraud in the Louisville convention is simply outrageous. Did you ever see a convention where there was no fraud? I think not. The pipe of Mr. Goebel having killed a man and so much was said that I at one time affirmed that I could not vote for a man that had taken the life of a fellow citizen, but when I investigated the matter I found that I had voted for a number of men who had shed the blood of a fellow man, and so have you, Democrats of Kentucky. As to the fraud in the Louisville convention, I suppose 'tis true there was fraud and possibly a little more than at Louisville, where John Young Brown was nominated for governor of Kentucky, but I am sure now it was not of a more malignant kind for I was there, and was the John Young Brown delegate from Wolfe county, and when I was throwing delegates down and taking their credentials from them, and casting their votes for Mr. Brown, and 40 or 50 policemen were on the floor at a time knocking men down and dragging them out, Mr. Brown was patting me on the back, and crying patriotic boy of the mountains.

But alas a change has come over the great statesman, and things and politics must be purified. I believe in purity in all things, but this is not the time to purify politics nor are those who oppose Mr. Goebel the men to do it. Consistency, thou art a jewel, as to the report of the Democratic rally at Hazel Green, when Mr. Goebel and uncle Jim Blackburn spoke there as was reported in the Louisville Dispatch. I must say every word of it is false, and no man has nerve enough to face the Democrats who were there, and say the report was true. There were from 400 to 500 at the speaking and possibly two or three hundred more in the town; there was some drinking and noise in the town, but the most of that was Republicans and scrappers. These are facts, and no man dare gain

say it, for I am personally acquainted with every man that was there, and know just who was drunk and who was sober. The democrats gave good attention to the speaking, as they always do, and of course the cheer after cheer for Goebel, Blackburn and Bryan made the faltering weak and faint at heart, so they had to throw up in the Dispatch, and when it came up 'twas a lie.

Mr. Redwine has been accused of everything on earth, only being true to his friends, so you needn't accuse him of that for the people of the tenth district know him better than any man who abuses him, and we know he is an honest, faithful and impartial servant of the people, and as I am informed by Hon. James Hargis, of Breathitt, and Dr. J. B. Taulbee, of Mt. Sterling, that Redwine did no more than I would have done, had I been in his place. I then know that he did no wrong and no more than any partisan would have done as chairman for his friend.

Now, fellow citizens, these are facts, and no man has cheek enough to dispute what I have said as to the rally at Hazel Green, and the band of course it was not as fine as Saxton's, but there was just as white and sure democrats in that band as you can find this side of Manila.

Democrats, stop and think one moment and especially you who have been leaders and ever expect to ask for the votes of Democrats, for as the God of the universe rules all things, I believe he has put it in the hearts of the Democrats to rule the politics of Kentucky, and I swear they will do it and will remember every man who adds to their burden in this their greatest hour of peril. I have heard in the last ten days 50 men at least, say who were for Brown one month ago, that they would support Goebel, and oppose forever the men who had tried to lead them from the party and principles they love so well. Look where the men stand today who heaped upon us the most loathsome and disgusting names, and helped to tear from our pockets and from the mouths of our families our hard-earned dollars to try and hold up our majorities. What do such men care for us or our principles, but we are the voters and we, the people, are the majorities, and those who have helped the Republicans to bleed us at every pore, have no more show for political power or favor in this section of Kentucky than a snow-ball has for existence in h—.

Respectfully,

J. A. TAULBEE,
A Democrat.

Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get Dr. Inclination, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by J. T. Day, Druggist.

Noah Tibbs and Miss Lydia Salley, daughter of Heiskel Salley, were married Saturday night at the residence of Preacher Kelley on Stillwater, the reverend gentleman performing the ceremony.

How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined.—J. M. Nickle, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by J. T. Day, Druggist.

Our friend Ed. Cecil will please accept the thanks of the editor and his letter for the finest morsel of mountain oysters it has been our good pleasure to partake of in a long time.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

THE KELLAM CANCER, MEDICAL SURGICAL HOSPITAL.

WE GUARANTEE PERMANENT CURES without the use of the knife in CANCER and all CHRONIC SORES. No money to be paid until patients are cured. Our Medical and Surgical Departments are second to none, being composed of a corps of first-class Physicians.

All examinations free.

We treat no patients outside the hospital.

FRANK G. KELLAM. F. C. KELLAM,
HARRY KELLAM. General Manager.

HINTON, W. VA.



Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect May 21, 1899.

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 2. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 6 Daily, ex. Sunday.
	A.M. Lve.	P.M. Lve.	A.M. Lve.
Lexington.....	7 45 am	2 25 pm	5 54 am
Avon.....	8 10 am	2 50 pm	6 19 am
Winchester.....	8 30 am	3 16 pm	6 50 am
L & E Junction.....	8 45 am	3 22 pm	7 25 am
Indian Flds.....	9 00 am	3 38 pm	8 14 am
Clay City.....	9 16 am	3 56 pm	11 00 am
Stanton.....	9 25 am	4 06 pm	11 20 am
Dundee.....	9 36 am	4 19 pm	11 51 am
Nat. Bridge.....	9 47 am	4 30 pm	12 25 pm
Torment.....	9 54 am	4 35 pm	12 36 pm
Beatty's Je.....	10 08 am	4 49 pm	11 10 pm
Tallega.....	10 29 am	5 11 pm	2 15 pm
Atoll.....	10 39 am	5 35 pm	3 04 pm
Jackson.....	10 59 am	5 43 pm	3 23 pm
	11 30 am	6 15 pm	4 30 pm

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.	No. 5 Daily, ex. Sunday.
	A.M. Lve.	P.M. Lve.	A.M. Lve.
Jackson.....	5 40 am	2 25 pm	5 45 am
Atoll.....	6 11 am	2 56 pm	6 40 am
Tallega.....	6 19 am	3 04 pm	6 55 am
Beatty's Je.....	6 41 am	3 26 pm	7 05 am
Torment.....	7 02 am	3 47 pm	7 25 am
Nat. Bridge.....	7 18 am	4 01 pm	10 06 am
Dundee.....	7 23 am	4 08 pm	10 16 am
Filson.....	7 34 am	4 19 pm	10 48 am
Stanton.....	7 48 am	4 30 pm	11 20 am
Clay City.....	7 57 am	4 39 pm	12 40 pm
Indian Flds.....	8 14 am	4 54 pm	1 05 pm
L & E Junction.....	8 31 am	5 08 pm	1 50 pm
Winchester.....	8 44 am	5 20 pm	3 10 pm
Avon.....	9 04 am	5 40 pm	3 40 pm
Lexington.....	9 30 am	6 05 pm	4 16 pm

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Red River Valley Railway Co.'s

TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt. Rothwell, Ky.

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ON THE SQUARE

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Contains a complete novel in every number, in addition to a large quantity of useful and entertaining reading matter.

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Agents wanted in every town, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

Copyright, 1906, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

By WILL N. HARBEN

SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manicured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers' death. Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy shows detective typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Balthus, Italian nobleman, his box at home show, as he was called out of town by pressing business. She recalls Gielow had expressed before murder intense hatred for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aunt goes to his studio. Gielow has fled. His servant, Henri, tells of overhearing confession to Balthus. Henri thought his master insane. Hendricks, concealed in "room, hears all this. Hendricks goes to consult Koia, an East Indian interested in occult researches, who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion among the palisades. Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has been shot. Bullet removed and detective warned not to leave his room. Hendricks' unknown enemy had tried to chloroform him in his sleep. Detective had waked just in time, but was wounded by pistol shot before he could prevent his assailant's escape. Hendricks has a crematory employee, who, not knowing the actual purpose for which he was wanted, proceeds to describe with professional pride a cremation.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"You have both missed a beautiful sight," resumed Mr. Simpkins. "When our great resort opens for the reception of the prepared body the interior is seen to be perfectly white, like the inside of a snow cave, so intense is the heat. But the inflowing air turns it to a delicate rosininess that can't be equalled in Italian skies. I have seen people turn away and say they recognized it as the only legitimate gateway to the unseen universe—doing away as it certainly does with all horror of the grave and decay."

Hendricks raised his hand. "Not quite so fast, please," he said, gently. "You have made a mistake. I hope I am not dangerously ill. I am only confined to my room by a slight indisposition. I may as well come to the point. I am a detective, and it is often necessary for me to make inquiries into different businesses and—"

"A detective—the devil!" Mr. Simpkins blurted out, and he flushed angrily and reached for his hat. "My Lord! what do you take me for? I'm no detective! I have to earn meat and bread for my family. You are the second detective that has tried to take up my time for nothing. Sergeant Den—Daw something came to my house, and because I didn't give up my time and tell him all the ins and outs of my business he threatened to have me up as an accomplice in that Palace hotel murder. My gosh! I sent him about his business in a jiffy. I'd like to see any of your gang try it. We don't cremate one-handed men for every murderer in New York! It is plainly a conspiracy to bring cremation into disrepute, and if there is any law—any protection we'll have the benefit of it."

"Hold on, keep quiet," cautioned Hendricks, thrusting his fingers into his vest pocket and producing a \$10 bill. "I don't want any man's time for nothing. If this will pay you for only five minutes more of your time I shall be glad, and we may part friends. I am a private detective, and I hope I don't approach unoffending men with threats when I seek information that they have a perfect right to withhold."

A great and humble change came over Mr. Simpkins as he reached for the money.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered. "This is the second time I've been too fast, and if you'll overlook it I'll do what I can to help you. The other fellow had such a lordly air about him and made himself so disagreeable—"

"I know him," broke in Hendricks and then he turned to Dr. Lampkin.

"Please hand me that little cardboard box on the table."

Deeply interested in what was to follow, the doctor obeyed.

Taking the box, Hendricks removed the lid and held the box to Mr. Simpkins.

"Is it your opinion that those are the ashes of a human body, such as are produced from the retort of a regular crematory?"

The individual addressed took the box

to a window and looked at the contents closely. He had the air of a man who was enjoying himself.

"Got a magnifying glass?" he asked, shaking the ashes about.

Hendricks produced his, and Lampkin took it to the speaker.

There was silence while Mr. Simpkins was focusing the lens on the ashes. Then he came away from the window, closing the magnifying glass.

"In my opinion they are not from the retort of a crematory," he said, "though to be honest I would not take oath on it."

"Why are you not positive?" asked the detective.

Mr. Simpkins' brows ran together. He smacked his lips and raised himself on his toes in pure enjoyment of his well-paid importance.

"Because my experienced eye detects traces of the ashes of clothing here. In well-run crematories such residue is always fanned away from the pure white or grayish ashes of bone which is deposited in urns for preservation. But as the ashes of cloth may, by accident, have fallen back into the bone-ash, I can't be positive."

"Ah, I see!" said Hendricks. "Is there any way by which one could distinguish between the ashes from a New York crematory or one in any other city?"

"None that I know of, sir."

"Well, that is all, and I thank you, Mr. Simpkins," said the detective, leaning back in his chair.

When the man had taken his departure Lampkin asked:

"Could the murderer have had the body cremated in another city?"

"Easier than here, and he had ample time," said Hendricks in the tone of a man in deep and perplexed thought. "He might have had a little trouble in slipping the body, but to get the ashes back here would be a very simple thing."

"I would not be surprised at any development in this affair. There is one point that bobs up here which is so puzzling that it almost drives me insane."

"What is that?" asked the doctor.

"It is this," answered the detective. "You see, Caruthers had been out of the city—or rather was believed to have left New York ten days before I got my anonymous note telling me where I could find his remains. Now, if the writer believed that I would get the communication without delay the ashes were in Caruthers' apartments a week before I got back from Boston."

"Of course," said Lampkin, in the automatic tone of one who speaks before deliberation. Then he ejaculated with force: "Oh, yes, certainly!"

"But," said Hendricks, with strong emphasis on the word, "if the hell-scorched demon has had free access to my office, as I think he has had to my dining-room, then he could have seen the communication which he had mailed me lying on my desk during my absence. It may really have been part of his plan to have mailed that letter, knowing I wouldn't get it at once."

"But for what reason?" asked the doctor.

"To throw me off the track as to time," said Hendricks. "I said the other day that this would prove the chief crime of all my experience. I am now afraid that it may actually be my Waterloo. I have never dealt with such wonderful tact and boldness combined. The chief reason for my believing that he was on to my movements is that Gielow did not leave until the night I discovered the ashes."

CHAPTER XI.

Two days later Hendricks was declared able to go down to his office. He had just finished dressing when his mother rapped on his door.

"You have a visitor in the drawing-room, said the old lady, with a smile."

"A visitor?" granted the detective, impatiently.

"A young lady," smiled Mrs. Hendricks. "She would not give her name, but she is about the prettiest creature I ever saw. She is dressed in the latest fashion, and drove up in her own carriage."

Hendricks turned quickly and flushed slightly.

"Tall and slender, erect, walks like a queen, golden brown hair, and heavy eyebrows over eyes like—"

"Yes, I think it is Miss Huntington," said Mrs. Hendricks when his fund of adjectives was exhausted. "She is very anxious to see you."

"Tell her I'll be right down," said Hendricks. "She is just the person I wanted to see."

A moment later when he entered the little drawing-room he found the heiress standing near a window.

"I am afraid I shall be a great intruder on your time," she began, as she took his hand, in the cordial clasp of which there was a vague reassurance, "but I have been to your office three times hoping to find you in."

Hendricks cleared his throat. He was really shocked at the alteration in her. She had grown thinner, and her great lustrous eyes shone from sockets in which there was no sign of blood.

"I am certainly glad you came," he said, leading her to a comfortable chair. "I would have been pleased to have met you—to have come to you, but I have been confined to my room by a slight indisposition."

"So the office boy told me," cried Miss Huntington, "and I was so sorry."

"If there is any way in which I can serve you I would be delighted to do it," said Hendricks sitting down near her.

The girl took a deep breath, and when she spoke her voice vibrated with the importance of her mission.

"I went to my lawyers, Howell and Garney, last Monday. I told them I wanted to employ them and that I was ready if necessary to spend every cent of my inheritance in Mr. Gielow's behalf. They of course were glad to tender their services, but when I told them of your politeness to me the other night, and that something seemed to tell me you would help me if it lay in your power, they declared at once that you could simply do anything you wished. And then they told me they had been reading the papers and had not noticed that you were employed on the case by the police, and said if I could retain you I ought to do it at once."

Hendricks bowed and smiled uncomfortably.

"I do not exactly understand," he said, slowly. "I—I don't exactly see how anybody at this stage could aid Mr. Gielow until we know more of the matter."

"The lawyers agree with me," replied the heiress, "that he ought to be found and brought back by his friends, and not wait till the police arrest him."

"Oh!" And Hendricks' exclamation showed that he was still in the dark.

"I happen to know some things that you are unaware of," hastily added Miss Huntington, "and my lawyers agreed that if we could possibly retain you with what I know we could help a little. I am willing to let you name your own price."

Hendricks sat up in his chair and crossed his feet.

"We'd never quarrel over money matters, Miss Huntington; and as I am not employed by the other side I pledge myself to your cause."

A glow of color faintly tinged the hitherto bloodless face of the heiress.

"You are so good!" she said, in a husky voice. "I know you will do all that can be done, and my lawyers think if we could get him to come back voluntarily, and give himself up, that we might be able to prove that he was insane."

"Insane?" cried Hendricks, his surprise driving away his timidity.

"I am going too fast," said the girl, plaintively. "I have not told you all,



HE TOOK THE BOX TO THE WINDOW.

and my lawyers advised me to do so as soon as you promised to join us. We know that it would be folly to try to prove that he did not kill Mr. Caruthers, for, Mr. Hendricks, he actually confessed it to his servant, and I have something else that puts it out of the question to doubt Henri's word—a letter from Mr. Gielow himself. In it he acknowledges the deed."

"A letter from him?" exclaimed Hendricks.

"Yes, and in it there are absolute proofs of unsoundness of mind. Oh, Mr. Hendricks, it drives me wild to think that I have brought him to it, and that he may die for what he is morally accountable. My lawyers admit that it may be difficult to prove his insanity, but they say it is our only chance, and that we ought to begin our work at once."

Hendricks contracted his brows and shrugged his shoulders.

"May I see the letter?"

Miss Huntington produced it from her pocket and eyed him as he perused it. It ran as follows:

"Charlotte, S. C., Dec. 8.

"Dear Dorothy: When you get this you will have heard of the murder of Caruthers. Go at once to the studio and make Henri tell you of my confession. Tell him I want him to testify against me, as I wish no one else to be implicated in the slightest. I regret what I have done, but it is too late for regrets now. I sail from this town to-morrow for a foreign port to begin life anew. Forget me and all the trouble I have brought on you. I had one true friend in New York besides yourself. It is Count Balthus. He suspected that I was thinking of perpetrating a crime and pleaded with me almost on his knees, but I would not listen to reason. I was crazy from it all. I confessed to Henri and the count in the studio. The count tried to persuade me to turn myself over to the police, but I eluded him and got away. I have been reading stories of crime and detection, and that, coupled with my trouble, turned my head. I fancied that I could invent a plan for doing away with my rival that would in its very boldness defy detection. I even wrote a letter to Mr. Minard Hendricks to cause him to think the crime was committed by a personal enemy of his, but at the last moment I was unable to face it all. That you may forget me is the last wish of

"ARTHUR GIELOW."

"Don't you see that it is the letter of an insane man?" asked the heiress, her

eager gaze resting on the face of the detective as he lowered the letter. "It is not at all like him."

"Is it his hand?" asked Hendricks, his broad brow still wrinkled.

"Undoubtedly, I know his handwriting well. See, his name is written exactly as he signs his drawings."

Hendricks glanced at the signature, his mind wandering to other things.

"We must submit it to a handwriting expert," he said. "I know a graphologist who has never made a mistake. Will you kindly send me something else that he has written, and will you let me retain this?"

"Certainly," answered the girl; then she nerved herself to ask and hear the reply to a leading question: "Do you doubt his insanity, Mr. Hendricks?"

The detective put the letter in its envelope.

"I have seen nothing in this letter to indicate insanity on the part of Gielow," he said, after a moment's pause.

"You don't? Well, it is not at all such a letter as he would have written if himself, besides you have only to hear Henri describe how he acted when he confessed to the murder to know that he was insane that night."

Hendricks smiled.

"I was behind a screen in the studio when you and your aunt came in that night. I heard Henri's description."

Miss Huntington shrank back, white and startled.

"You were?" she gasped, and then, while Hendricks was nodding with the slow movement of a toy donkey's head, she added: "And—and you still see no proof of—of insanity?"

"I must say that I do not," was the deliberate reply.

The girl sat motionless. It was as if he had deprived her of her last hope. Her great eyes seemed to expand. Then she raised her gloved hands half way to her eyes and held them there as she said:

"You must believe him out of his mind! Look at the address on that envelope. He has directed it to me at the general delivery, Charleston, S. C. He knew I was not there. Surely you see—"

"I noticed that," remarked Hendricks when he saw she was going no further. "And I also saw that the envelope bore the postmark of a railway—the Atlantic Coast line. The letter was mailed on the train. You see that road runs from New York to Charleston, and, from this postmark, it would be difficult to prove whether a letter were mailed on the train of that road near New York, or near Charleston."

"I can't possibly see what you mean," said the heiress, helplessly.

"If the letter is a forgery," explained Hendricks, "the writer of it would desire two things strongly. First, he would want it to bear the Charleston postmark to guarantee the belief that it came from that place; and, second, he would want you to get it. Now, how would a man without a confederate in Charleston succeed in gaining his point? If this letter is forged, the writer of it is an experienced villain, for he knows that the government prevents its postmasters mailing letters sent to them for that purpose. It was found to be an attempt for much secret rascality, so a law was passed prohibiting it. Well, we will grant, for the sake of argument, that this forger knew that, so what did he do but direct this letter to you at Charleston and then drop a note to the Charleston postmaster requesting him in your name to forward your mail to your street and number. I am confident there is something shady about it, for, as you can see from the postmark, nearly two days elapsed before it reached Charleston, as is shown by the postmark of that office. So you will see that I have good reasons for believing the letter was mailed near New York."

"You must pardon me," said Miss Huntington, the languid largeness of her eyes accentuating her despair; "but as I cannot believe it is not Mr. Gielow's writing I am unable to enter into your deductions."

She had risen, and Hendricks held out his hand.

"If you will post me the specimen of his handwriting at once, I'll promise to tell you something more definite as soon as I see Prof. Westcott, the handwriting expert."

"I will send it to your office at once," she replied, despondently.

Hendricks went to the window and watched her as she descended the steps. He fancied she had left abruptly to keep from showing her emotion. As she was crossing the pavement she swayed to one side and he thought she would fall, but she regained herself, stepped firmly into her carriage and was driven homeward.

"Poor girl," he muttered. "When I agreed to take the case she was almost happy, but now she has lost heart entirely. If I had told the poor little woman what I half suspect she would not sleep a wink to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Households.

Mrs. Heartse—Yes, it just keeps me on pins and needles to think my dear boy belongs to a football club. I'm so afraid something will happen. Does yours?

Mrs. Cheery—Indeed, he doesn't. He wanted to join one, but I just packed him off to France, where they don't have anything worse than dueling clubs.—N. Y. Weekly.

"Better Be Wise Than Rich."

Wise people are also rich when they know a perfect remedy for all annoying diseases of the blood, kidneys, liver and bowels. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is perfect in its action—so regulates the entire system as to bring vigorous health.

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An Argument.

Here the voice of counsel for the defense thrilled with emotion.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "you cannot believe the prisoner to be the cool, calculating villain the prosecution would make him out to be! Were he cool and calculating would he have murdered his wife, as he is accused of doing? Would he not rather have spared her in order that she might be here at this trial to weep for him and influence your verdict with her tears?"

Only the thoughtless think lawyers do not assist the ends of justice.—Detroit Journal.

Genius.

"How is it Wilkins over there looks so cool when everything else is sweltering?"

"Ah, Wilkins is smart. Do you see those old papers he is reading? Well, they contain the account of February's blizzard. Every time Wilkins begins to feel the least bit warm he reads about the twenty-some below zero and shivers. His scheme is cooler than fans and cheaper than ice."—Chicago Evening News.

"Big Four Gift"—Neely's Spanish-American War Panorama.

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Mark envelope "War Album."

Frivolous Ambition.

"Did you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?"

"Yes."

"Fate's awfully funny, sometimes. Ten years ago, when we were boys together, his one ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch lions with a lasso."—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

International Convention, Baptist Young People's Union of America.

Richmond, Va., July 13 to 16, 1899, the C. H. & D. Ry. will make a rate of one fare for the round trip good going July 11, 12 and 13, good returning from Richmond not later than July 31. By depositing ticket with joint agent on or before July 21 and payment of 50 cents, return limit may be extended to leave Richmond not later than August 15, 1899. See C. H. & D. agents for information.

No Wonder.

"She has a remarkable voice."

"In which respect?"

"In timbre."

"No wonder. She used to call a logging camp to dinner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is not creditable for any girl to have several young men "on the string."—Athens Globe.

From Mrs. Gunter to Mrs. Pinkham.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 76245]

"One year ago last June three doctors gave me up to die, and as I had at different times used your Vegetable Compound with good results, I had too much faith in it to die until I had tried it again. I was apparently an invalid, was confined to my bed for ten weeks. (I believe my trouble was ulceration of womb).

"After taking four bottles of the Compound and using some of the Liver Pills and Sensitive Wash, at the end of two months I had greatly improved and weighed 155 pounds, when I never before weighed over 128. Lydia G. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever used, and I recommend it to all my friends."—Mrs. ANNA EVA GUNTER, HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

Mrs. Barnhart Enjoys Life Once More.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been sick ever since my marriage, several years ago; have given birth to four children, and had two miscarriages. I had falling of womb, leucorrhoea, pains in back and legs; dyspepsia and a nervous trembling of the stomach. Now I have none of these troubles and can enjoy my life. Your medicine has worked wonders for me."—Mrs. S. BARNHART, NEW CASTLE, PA.

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CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ALL
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE MISSION OF ART.

A Potent Factor in Uplifting the Human Race.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Influence of "Pleasant Pictures" in the Development of Christian Character.

[Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.]

Dr. Talmage shows in this discourse how art may become one of the mightiest agencies for the elevation and salvation of the human race. The text is Isaiah 2:12-16: "The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be * * * upon all pleasant pictures."

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of Divine observation and arraignment. The divine mission of pictures is my subject. That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel. They would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Pity the elder lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the farther you can stand off from the burning crater of sin the better. Never till the books of the last day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination, and he becomes a mere carcass. The show windows of English and American cities, in which the low lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled? Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin, and the flute, which, though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side, like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission? Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors, what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted?

What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the wood cuts or engravings in the old family Bible which father and mother read out of and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not got from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engravings of Jacob's ladder, and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elisha restoring the Shunammite's the massacre of the innocents, Christ blessing little children, the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings, which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nineteenth of you. If I could swing open the door of your forehead, I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all, but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few and then engraver's plate or wood cut for millions on millions!

What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distribution of Scriptural knowl-

edge of all nations in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plagues of the Fiery Serpents," Titoretto's "Flight Into Egypt," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna," at Milan; Orcagna's "Last Judgment" and hundreds of miles of pictures, if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not today so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833 forth from Strasbourg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness anything and everything that the world had ever seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustave Dore. At 11 years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," ambazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the book of books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen" and 205 Scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural affluence that make the heart throb and the brain reel and the tears start and the cheeks blanch and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London art gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the Divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semistarvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Howe, of the English army, who, through coming to admire West as a clever skater, gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Meyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,000 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles I. it was ordered by parliament that all pictures of Christ be burned. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art and obliged to give accounts of what they did with their colors.

The oldest picture in England a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till, as a painter, he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect, poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated? When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings—one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body. But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bested. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on his coat over the left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of \$34 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius these artists suffer more than anyone but God can realize.

There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artist of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer who was very busy gathering his fall apples and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg, and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but

they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but we need sermons that make pleas for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than some of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists and to know little or nothing about our own Copley and Allston and Inman and Greenough and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daubs on canvas and call in these splendid but unrewarded men and tell them to adorn your walls not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the minds and improve the morals and save the souls of those who gaze upon them. All American cities need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until ten o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go.

What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudges. Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington and what others have done for Philadelphia and Boston and New York? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever not only with the great masters of painting who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live, and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged. By your benefactions build your own monuments and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph, while some men, whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of Aberdeen granite high enough for asking and eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology, to be looked at when people are going to and from the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading-room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead; and 150 years from now you will be wielding influence in this world for good. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendors which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with entourage in hand on the January night when the necropolis where the body sleeps is all snowed under!

As the day of the Lord of hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book nor newspaper nor on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of wooden or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty and wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk many have hoped, with little reason, would become a worldwide language; but the pictorial is always a worldwide language, and printers' types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a barroom, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity.

MANUFACTURING AN ISSUE.

Dodging Tactics of the Republicans—Abandonment of the Principle of Self Government.

The republicans, we are told, will hold a series of conferences to discuss not only the house caucus scheme of currency reform, but all the different projects of financial reform, "with a view to the creation of a general financial policy for the next session of congress."

"The importance of this," we are told, "will be seen at once when it is remembered that any legislation on the currency at the next session will necessarily become an issue before the national conventions and in the presidential campaigns of next summer."

Yes, this will be seen at once by people who have not seen it before. What is more suggestive is the fact that it has been foreseen ever since McKinley was inducted into office, and that everything like a serious attempt at currency reform has been deliberately postponed to the last hour.

The currency question was the one upon which the last presidential election turned. It was the "burning issue" of the campaign of 1896, yet it has been persistently dodged ever since. Instead of urging currency reform at the outset McKinley called an extra session of congress before he was fairly warm in his seat to give the country a tariff worse than the one which bore his name, and he relegated the currency question to a back seat in the top gallery and has kept it there ever since.

This was about as deliberate an insult as he could offer to the men without whose votes by his own admission he could never have been elected. He did precisely that to which the democrats who supported him, directly or indirectly, were most opposed, and made no effort to do that which they wished to have done, and for the sake of which they surrendered old party ties.

Now another presidential election is approaching, and the leaders of the McKinley party are holding long conferences for the purpose of manufacturing a currency issue for the coming campaign. They manifestly have no intention of settling the question and taking it out of national politics, as it ought to be. Their intention evidently is to patch up some colorless measure out of which they hope to get an issue through indiscreet democratic opposition. But it is farthest from their purpose to do anything decisive and dispose of the currency question in a manner likely to be final.

The fact that they have done nothing all this time sufficiently proves that they do not care to do anything. They are mortally afraid to face the people squarely on the issue of imperialism—the abandonment of the fundamental principles upon which the republic is based as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, the principle of self government. They are mortally afraid to meet the people on the question of the war of subjugation which has been waged for four months, and which, apparently, has just begun, in which our soldiers are required not only to shoot down people whose only crime is that of our revolutionary fathers, but to shoot to death that very doctrine of self government which until now has always been that in which Americans have most gloried and for which they have been ready to lay down their lives.

Fearing to meet the people on this, the most vital issue which has appeared since the revolution of 1776, the republican leaders are hoping to get them wildly excited once more over an empty currency issue, and they trust to the folly of the democratic leaders to help them on with that vicious enterprise.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Future of Mark Hanna.

Hanna is to be accounted one of the most potent influences—probably the most potent influence—in the government, as long as McKinley is president. Whether he has attained anything beyond this is more open to question. We see no proof of his influence in the senate, aside from what this affords him. He has certainly taken no leading position in debate there. We find him neither originating nor connecting his name with any important question of public policy. His fellow senators do not refer to him any further than he is supposed to represent President McKinley. President McKinley's own course upon public questions has been negative or tentative, according to the native bent of his mind. He has never put forward any policy through Hanna, and Hanna has, apparently, no policy of his own with symptoms of enterprise in it on the currency or the foreign affairs of the currency. There is obvious reason why he should be reticent on that of trusts. He stands in the senate solely as the reputed confidant of McKinley, and in his attitude he is not enterprising. We see no indication that he is to be a power in republican politics after McKinley leaves the official stage.—Boston Herald.

The intention of the republican members of the finance committee to hold their conference in New York behind closed doors is only another suggestion of how little there will be for the public in the entire currency reform programme of the administration.—Detroit Free Press.

IN THE HANDS OF SPOILSMEN.

President McKinley Makes a Bad Mess of the Civil Service Matter.

After months of shivering on the brink President McKinley has finally taken the plunge. The order modifying the civil service restrictions so as to exempt a large number of offices from the classified service was approved in cabinet meeting the other day and will be signed and promulgated as soon as some changes have been effected.

The number taken out from under the protection of the civil service rules and thrown to be scrambled for by the spoilsmen is not so large as originally demanded, and there will be great disappointment in consequence. Nevertheless, it is no slight percentage of the whole number in the classified service. Out of 65,000 offices now in the classified list 4,000 are to be withdrawn, being a little over six per cent. of the whole.

Four thousand offices are not enough to go around the anxious and hungry expectants, and three times that number of office seekers will be disappointed and angry. But there may be more before long if the pressure upon the president is kept up.

The important thing is that the lines of civil service protection have been broken down at one point. It is the first breach that counts. Hitherto there has been a steady building up and strengthening of the civil service defenses. Now a part has been broken down and that will weaken all the rest.

President McKinley has taken a step which he may have cause to regret. He may have strengthened himself with the spoils politicians, but he has weakened his hold on the thinking people of his own party and has deeply grieved thousands of independent citizens who voted for him after his acceptance of the platform which declared:

"The civil service law was placed upon the statute book by the republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable."

It is a republican president, elected on that platform, pledged to it, and who in his inaugural said: "Reforms in the civil service must go on," who has restricted instead of extended the operations of the civil service law and who has effected a retrogression in civil service reform when he had promised that it should "go on."

Where is the McKinley backbone?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—Democrats who want to pass a resolution against trusts will find the plank in the Ohio republican platform neatly expressed.—St. Louis Republic-an.

—The apologies for the president's blow at the civil service law are so lame as to indicate that the president's best friends realize that he has made a bad blunder.—Atlanta Journal.

—If President McKinley's new civil service order is right, it ought to have been issued two years ago. If it is wrong, it ought not to have been issued at all. With characteristic vacillation, Mr. McKinley has taken just the right course to show that he is doing what he believes to be wrong.—Albany Argus.

—Now that the republicans of Ohio in convention assembled have "officially" rated Mr. McKinley with Abraham Lincoln, there can be no longer any reason for Lincoln's oldest and best friends in the party, like Sherman, Hoar and Edmunds, to have any opinions of their own about the administration.—Columbus (O.) Press-Post.

—The most amusing defense of McKinley's backsliding on civil service reform is the claim that he yielded partially to the spoilsmen in order to keep them from overthrowing the entire merit system, but of course this will not wash. McKinley had no reputable motive whatever in dishonoring his own word, breaking his promise and repudiating the platform of his party. He was actuated either by cowardice or self-interest, and that's all there is to it.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

—A year or two ago, when the farmer was not enjoying his present degree of prosperity, the manufacturers of agricultural machinery never thought of organizing into a trust and increasing the prices of their goods; the farmer did not have money then, and it was not thought worth while to "work" him. But no sooner does he become solidly prosperous than it occurs to the manufacturers of farm machinery that it would be a good thing to increase their profits 25 per cent.—Sioux City Tribune.

—Hanna has done much for the president. He paid his personal debts. He bought and coaxed and bullied a national convention into nominating him. He debauched the electorate of a dozen states to land him in the white house. But in doing all this Hanna has not forgotten to exercise his right of ownership. He has pledged and McKinley has redeemed. He has bribed and McKinley has helped to deliver the goods. He has been the clearing house between McKinley and the politicians.—N. Y. Journal.

THE HERALD.

GREATEST FAMILY WEEKLY

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, October 19, 1899.



FOR GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM A. GOEBLE,
of Kenton County.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
J. C. W. BECKHAM,
of Nelson County.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
R. J. BRECKINRIDGE,
of Boyle County.

FOR AUDITOR,
GUS COULTER,
of Graves County.

FOR TREASURER,
S. W. HAGER,
of Boyd County.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
CALEB BRECKINRIDGE HILL,
of Clark County.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE,
I. B. NALL,
of Jefferson County.

FOR SUP'T OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
H. V. McCHESNEY,
of Livingston County.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE 91ST DIST.
JOS. P. ROSE,
of Wolfe County.

FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,
COL. A. W. HAMILTON,
of Montgomery County.

COL. O. W. JENNINGS, a distinguished speaker, will speak here "in the interests of True Democracy and the Brown ticket," according to the bills we see posted. We know nothing of Mr. Jennings whatever, and we think the cause he espouses is already a lost one, but at the same time the citizens of Hazel Green and vicinity should give him a respectful hearing, and it is hoped he may be greeted by a good audience.

SENATOR HANNA, on his arrival from Europe, stated it as his opinion that the monarchical government of England was as good as the government of this country. That may be so under the government of McKinley, but there are still a number of Americans who believe that our system of government is far superior to that of any monarchy when the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence are taken as the guide of our rulers.

HANNA does not like a Dewey poultice put on the presidential boil—it draws to well for Mark.

If the bridge of party harmony is not repaired, Taylor will walk the plank.

BUDGET OF NEWS.

Mr. McKinley would shield Admiral Dewey from the slightest political wind.

The British temperament may be slow about seeing a joke, but it can spot gold mines a thousand miles away.

The Filipinos will be capable of self-government long before they are ready for citizenship in the United States.

The Administration organs at last say openly that nothing will be done to avert war in the Transvaal that would be disagreeable to England.

The President should familiarize himself with the great truths set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and apply them to his policy.

Admiral Dewey will sooner or later come to recognize the fact that a slight shake of the head will generally save a hard shake of the hand.

Nobody has yet proposed the erection of a triumphal arch for Otis, though the people would doubtless be glad to erect a dozen, if the President would only order him home.

Senator Hanna has begun his scramble for funds quite early this campaign. He is now giving the federal office-holders points on prosperity and how they can best retain it.

It would seem that by this time Mr. McKinley must understand the popular feeling regarding the scandalous Navy Department treatment of the man who smashed the Dons at Santiago.

President McKinley points with pride to our increase of territory as it was due to him, but fails to mention the increase in the national revenue taxes, and the increase in the number of trusts.

The trip of the President and his Cabinet through the west has already proved to be a political stumping tour. The speeches of all the Cabinet ministers have been direct appeals for political support.

Although Senator Hanna howled that it was "insulting" to Dewey to talk about him for the Presidency, it may be stated positively that Hanna was not the insulted party when he was made senator.

If the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio was placed on record against trusts by his platform, while Senator Hanna cannot see anything bad about them, there would appear on the face of things to be some lack of harmony between these two Ohio statesmen.

That quotation from the President's speech about "No step backward on civil service," would have made an appropriate caption for the blackmailing circular sent out by the Ohio Republican committee to all federal office holders.

Last fall Republican organizations sent circulars to postmasters in many states, but the Postmaster General ordered all postmasters to put up in their offices a notice to employees that they need not contribute and would not be molested if they failed to do so. Now that the Ohio Republicans are asking assessments this fall, will the Postmaster General repeat his order?

Our poet and artist left town for Caney on Thursday, where he will do a job of painting. Wilson seems to be in great demand, as he is a practical painter, and his terms are always live and let live prices.

Our poet has left off writing sentimental verses, as readers will now observe that he is splurging in political odes, and says all candidates look alike to him.

Sarah Isoman held the lucky number which drew the beautiful parlor lamp at the drawing on Tuesday afternoon at the store of John M. Rose.

Miss Margaret Patrick, of Johnson county, and Miss Laura Wilson, of Gilmore, were shopping in town on Tuesday.

Coughed 25 Years.
I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. ROSSELL, Grantsburg, Ill.

Now if you want to keep yourself posted on the political issue of the coming campaign, subscribe for THE HERALD.

O. F. HARRISON+
Attorney-at-Law,
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.
451 W. JEFFERSON STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.
The fourteenth annual session of Hazel Green Academy will begin on MONDAY, Sept. 4, 1899. Instruction thorough, discipline firm, expenses low.
WM. H. CORD, Principal.
Hazel Green, Ky., 7-11-99.

Post No Bills
on this wall
MRS. S. B. KASH,
Fashionable Milliner,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
BODE : HARDWARE : COMPANY,
WHOLESALE
HARDWARE
and CUTLERY,
CINCINNATI, O.
Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

ROSE & DAVIS
—THE—
Blacksmiths
—AND—
Wagon-makers,

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us to pay our own debts.

SILAS B. KASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
HAZEL GREEN, KY

Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest

Great CLOTHING Sale

At

Louis & Gus Straus,

LEXINGTON, KY.

Beautiful Cassimere Suits, at : : \$5.00
Beautiful Blue Suits, G. A. R. style, at : 5.00
Genuine Imported Blue Serge Suits, at 10.00
Best 25c. Underwear in the World.

Our Merchant Tailoring Department is the most extensive in Kentucky, and in fit, workmanship, &c., we defy the world.

Our stock of Boys' and Children's Clothing is complete, representing the products of all the leading manufacturers of the United States.

We do not deal in Shoddy Goods, Auction Sale Goods or Fire Sale Goods.

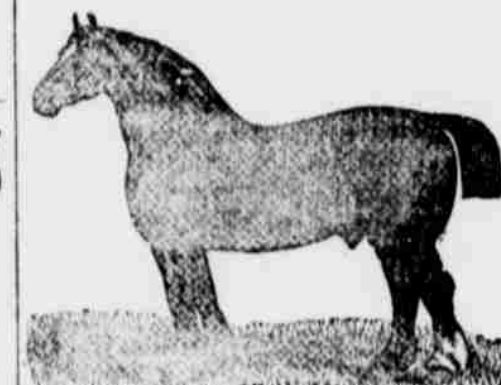
Our reputation for the past thirty years is a sufficient guarantee.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

LAMPS!

JOHN M. ROSE,
DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
This week invites your attention to the finest line of lamps ever brought to Hazel Green, including, parlor, dining room and kitchen, and they will be sold at "way down" prices.
In the grocery line you will find the best in the market.



CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

\$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT,

Or \$5 To Insure A Mare In Foal,

money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A loan on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

CONNAUGHT 2ND, 3512 is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster; 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beethly 1587; dam Bonnie 1925, by Highflyer 1006; Victor of Beethly 1587 by Reliance 667, grand dam by Congress 164; Reliance 667 by Confidence 158, dam by Rileman 670.

NOTE—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables. Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

DAVID S. ROSE,
Headquarters Ezel, Ky.,
REPRESENTS
SLINGLUFF, JOHNS & CO.,
WHOLESALE
BOOTS + AND + SHOES
Hopkins Place, BALTIMORE, MD.,
Respectfully solicits a share of the trade of mountain merchants.

C. F. Brower & Co.,

LEXINGTON, KY.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Carpets,
Furniture,
Wood Mantels,
Draperies,
Wall Paper,
China and
Glassware.

Correct prices.

C. F. BROWER & CO.,

Lexington, Ky.

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A positive and permanent cure for me-grim (Half-Headache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

HEADACHE CURED FREE

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. FIFTY (50) CENTS A BOX.

The Dr. Whitehall Meg. Co.
SOUTH BEND, IND.

ROLLIN A. KASH,
ATTORNEY-at-LAW,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties, and attend promptly all collections entrusted to him

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore all regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all drug stores or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE HERALD.

GREATER FAMILY WEEKLY

A Great Offer.

FARM JOURNAL
From now to Dec. 1903, Nearly 5 Years.

By special arrangement made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to every subscriber who pays for THE HERALD one year ahead for only \$1.00 both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the FARM JOURNAL from now until December 1903, nearly 5 years. The FARM JOURNAL is an old established paper enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.

This offer should be accepted without delay.

Tom Cox and wife, of Maytown, were guests of John H. Pieratt and wife, of this place, Monday.

Curtis Quicksall and Ed. Taulbee made a flying trip to Ezel Saturday night, where they spent Sunday with the family of Jonathan Quicksall.

Will Lockhart, the Ezel dentist, who has been in Nebraska for nearly a year past, is home for the winter, and people who may need his services will find him ready and willing to comply with their wishes.

Col. O. W. Jennings will address the citizens of Hazel Green and vicinity Saturday at 1 o'clock p. m. in the interest of John Young Brown and the ticket. At Maytown in the evening at 7 o'clock; West Liberty Monday, Oct. 23, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, nearly five years, to every subscriber who will pay one year in advance for THE HERALD. No better farm paper than the Farm Journal. This offer is only made to a limited number—the first who come forward.

W. W. Hager, of Magoffin county, accompanied by his nephew, Ernest Atkinson, passed through here Monday en route to Mt. Sterling, to hear William Jennings Bryan, who was advertised to speak at that place on Tuesday at 2:15 p. m. Mr. Atkinson goes from there to Maryville, Tenn., where he will enter school.

The cow kicked the bucket over and spilled the milk, and if you do not get the Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, nearly five years, just by paying for THE HERALD a year ahead, you will be like that cow. The Farm Journal is the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America.



F. A. LYON, JR.,
Leading Insurance Agent
of Eastern Kentucky.
Offices: Beattyville and Jackson.

By invitation of J. M. Long, "our man about town," visited Dickville, the handsome suburb of Hazel Green, on Saturday evening last, and was surprised to see the many improvements in that part of town. Parallel with the school lot, running back 175 yards by 65 yards in width, Mr. Long owns, and upon this he has three dwellings of 6 rooms each. One, however, and the best one of the three is not yet completed, but will be a model dwelling when it is, and one of the best features about it will be a warm house to store vegetables in winter. Mr. Long is building it upon strictly scientific principles, and after its utility is once demonstrated he will doubtless have orders to build for other people. Along one side of Mr. Long's property and running back to near the sulphur spring is a 20-foot street, the major part of which was donated by Mr. Long, the remainder being through the generosity of Emery James. Mr. Long will put up a planing mill on one of his lots in Dickville, and has in contemplation many other attractive features which will make Dickville the prettiest suburb around our fast growing city.

Edwin O. Wood, of Michigan, Secretary of the Tamworth Swine Breeders' Association, knows a good thing when he sees it. Writing the other day of the Biggle Swine Book, the latest addition to The Biggle Books, he says: "Without exaggeration or fulsome praise it is the best book that has come to my notice. I have carried it in my pocket two weeks, reading it in leisure moments, and following its advice has already saved me, as I believe, fifty dollars." This is big returns on an investment of 50 cents, which the publishers, Wilmer, Atkinson Co., Philadelphia, Pa., ask for the book.

F. M. Long has just received a Royal Grand organ from the firm of Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, which is a thing of beauty, and its tone will prove a joy forever. Indeed it is one of the finest toned instruments it has been our pleasure to listen to in many a day, and as a piece of furniture is an ornament of which any parlor in Eastern Kentucky might well be proud. It stands about 7 feet high, and the top has a mirror, lamp-stands, music-rack, etc. It contains 11 stops and in every way is an up to date musical instrument. Mr. Long received it unboxed and placed it in position on the 7th inst., since which time his daughter, Miss Atchafaylayya, has been practicing undisturbed upon it, and is quite proud of her present. Mr. Long will put her under a competent teacher and in a short time she promises to be an expert musician. The cost of this instrument was about \$55.00, and Mr. Long is highly pleased with purchase, the way it came to hand, etc., etc.

The Eagle, King of All Birds, is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, eyes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25c.

Our friend Nelson Nickell met with a very painful accident a few days since, and one which will lay him up for some time to come, or at least disable him. While handling a hatchet the blade slipped off the handle and cut his right hand between the index and middle finger, and the pain is so severe that he can not use his hand at all.

Weak Eyes Are Made Strong, dim vision made clear, eyes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

The Sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are the largest in the world because the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are wonderful, perfect, permanent.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. 25c.

Wheeler Hammons, of White Oak, Morgan county, has the thanks of the editor and his better-half for seven fine large blue catfish. Yum, yum, but what we did to 'em was a plenty. Wheeler holds the pen-nant as angler and nimrod of his section of the county.

THE REMEDY.

Politics in Kentucky
Just now is waxing hot,
With more fuel it will steam
And boil clean o'er the pot.
For months it has been stewing,
Till in this present strait
All eyes are turned to our dear land
To watch its coming fate.

The candidates are deeply skilled,
Their speeches are profound,
Their party principles are as true
As any can be found,
But factions rose within our midst
And left its cursed blight
On Kentucky's true Democracy,
And made it disunited.

In union there is strength, they say,
All o'er this earthly ball;
Another saying just as true,
Divided we must fall.
Now, if they want to harmonize,
And reap a victory,
Let both the candidates withdraw,
And give the place to me.

SAM WILSON.

CURE

rheumatism by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and PAINS.

Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. 25c. at all good druggists.

Sherman Daniel, who was shot by Boone Henry just four weeks ago today, was in town Tuesday, and told "our man about town" that he was getting along all right. The ball entered the left side of his neck, passed through his windpipe and lodged in the neck on the right side, where it is still embedded.

Thomas C. Easterling (Our Boy Tom), of Washington, D. C., is the guest of the editor and his better-half this week. He wandered into the threshold of THE HERALD home-stand, on Richhill, Sunday afternoon, and, while we expected him, time had wrought so many flattering changes in his appearance that it cost us some mental exertion to trace in his comely and manly face the resemblance to "Our Boy" of some ten years ago. Time is a great necromancer in the theater of human events, and deals many changes.

Dr. Silas B. Kash's residence blooms in beauty, both in and outside. Our artist has been there with paint and brush.

Old fashions in dress may be revived, but no old-fashioned medicine can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by J. T. Day, Druggist.

Our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Roland Kash, gave a handsome dinner to his relatives Tuesday, in attendance upon which were Taylor Day and wife, Dr. S. B. Kash and wife, Mrs. McKlin and children, and other relatives whose names we did not learn. The table was reeking with all the delicacies of the season and was served in the most approved elite fashion by the popular colored waiter, Noah Taylor.

Miss Ava Swango and Mary Ellen Trimble were visiting friends on Caney Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. S. B. Kash was called to Maytown on Monday to attend the sickness of Harvey Nickell.

Miss Lizzie Pieratt and Mrs. Robert Wills, of Maytown, were in town on Tuesday.

Your taxes are due and must be paid now. So please call and settle, and save trouble, as I am compelled to collect.
H. F. PIERATT, D. S.

YOUR MAIL ORDERS

For anything and everything in the line of DRUGS, SUNDRIES, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMES, SOAPS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS and Prescription Specialties will be promptly filled by us. Write us when you can't find what you want in your own stores. JAS. E. COOPER, Druggist, 51-13 LEXINGTON, KY.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.
N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.
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HOME AND FARM has for many years been the leading agricultural journal of the south and southwest, made by farmers for farmers. Its Home Department conducted by Aunt Jane, its Children's Department, and its Dairy Department are brighter and better than ever.

Renew now and get this great journal for home and farm

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This is a most Extraordinary OFFER

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A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Hand-somely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

- No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK
All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 43 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK
All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 23 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 135 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butch-ery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful half-tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great boiled-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head, quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 2 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON, CHAS. F. JENKINS. Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITE-HALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.

RESTORED MANHOOD

DR. MOTT'S NEURALGIC PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Excess, Mental Weakness, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$2.00 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S MEDICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

GROCERIES?

Well, yes; if you want the best COFFEE, TEA, SUGAR, etc., my place is the place to purchase. Down weight and the guarantee that all goods are as represented are two of the principal planks in my platform of principles.

I also carry the most complete line of the latest style dress goods, notions, toilet articles, etc., etc., to be found in Hazel Green, to which I invite the attention of the ladies. Remember—Weight and Worth are guaranteed or your money back for the asking.

JOHN M. RCSE.

GREENE, EMBRY & CO.,

Live Stock Commission Merchants,

CINCINNATI UNION STOCK YARDS.

Long Distance Telephone 7356. ALL SALES GUARANTEED

TALES OF THE ORIENT

Some Incidents Which Have Never
Appeared in Print Before.

By M. QUAD.
Copyright, 1938.

One day as the grand vizier was riding abroad to show himself to his subjects and listen to any complaints, a peasant fell down before him and cried out:

"O great and powerful ruler of the world, take pity on my forlorn condition!"

"I don't see anything wrong with your condition," replied the great man as he looked the fellow over. "Didst find a bottle of horse medicine on the highway and drink it down for rare old port?"



"If it so pleases your mighty highness."

"Well, I'll send you down a cart load of ducats and enter your name upon my list of nabobs. I'm always ready to grant any little favors to my subjects, you know."

Next day a cart drawn by two asses and loaded up with gold appeared before the peasant's hut. The money had not yet been unloaded when his wife planned for jewelry and a wardrobe, and a bitter quarrel was the result. Then came the peasant's father, mother, brothers and sisters and demanded portions, and these were followed by the lightning rod man, the sewing machine agent, the windmill man and various others who had something to sell. Then came neighbors who wanted to borrow, and after them a band of robbers. The peasant had not had the treasure in his possession over 12 hours when he went to the grand vizier and said:

"O, thou wise and kind-hearted ruler, take back thy ducats and leave me as before. I thought I could run a side-show, but I find I am mistaken."

"But you owe me 600 scudi as taxes," replied the great man, "and as you have not paid, I'll give orders to my executioner to whack you 100 whacks on the sole of each foot."

And a week later, as the peasant was able to hobble to his door and sit in the sun, he said to his wife:

"Now, then, I've got back my appetite for rye coffee and cornbread, and if there is any more Rothschild's business around this but you'll dance to the music yourself!"

The eadi was giving audience in his hall one afternoon when a young girl knelt at his feet and cried out:

"O, friend of the people and boss of the universe, Truth is mighty and must prevail, but though I seek for Truth I cannot find it."

"And what do you want with Truth, O maiden?" kindly asked the great man.

"I wouldst know, O eadi, whether I am handsome and attractive. I have asked my parents, and they only reply: 'Ah-um!' I have asked my friends, and they turn from the question. I have no lack of escorts and yet none of them propose marriage. Have I a fair share of good looks, or is it my face that stops the town clock every time I pass the city hall?"

"O, maiden," said the eadi, after scratching his ear for awhile. "Truth is indeed mighty and must prevail, but at the same time Truth is a hidden jewel at the bottom of a deep well. Not having time to descend and hunt for it to-day, I must observe in regard to your beauty, your beaux, and so forth."

"What, O eadi?"

"Well, if I were in your place, I'd start in to learn shorthand and type-writing, so as to be able to support a husband!"

One day the sultan escaped from his courtiers and struck a gait for the country, determined to find a man who would give him the truth devoid of all flattery. Coming upon a traveler who was resting in the shade of a tree, the great man began:

"O, friend, I am looking for one who has no flattery on his tongue."

"Then you've run up agin the right man, old boss!" was the blunt reply. "Old Jim Sweetzer has no 'lasses on the end of his tongue for man or woman. What wouldst thou?"

"Whist! I am nigh 50 years old, I am told every hour in the day that I don't look a day over 30."

"Then they lie like thieves! When you were yet 50 rods off I took you for an old hayseed of 70. You are a tough old case, and you bet you show it."

"My admirers would have me think I am all-wise," continued the sultan as he swallowed his cud of gum.

"Well, it don't look like it to me. You sat plumb down on a bumblebee, and in about a minute more he'll give you a lift. A wise man don't flop down without looking over the grass."

"They would have it that I always uphold the Truth."

"Mebbe you do, but if I was a tin peddler I'd be on my guard against that foxy face of yours. I believe you'd sell a sheep-pelt with a gash in it as quick as a wink. Anything more they stuff you with?"

"They tell me," mused the sultan, "that I am the greatest of earth."

"Bash!" exclaimed the traveler. "Why, I know of 50 different men who can give you all sorts of pointers. Perhaps I can myself. For instance, which end of a mule does a man always hit first on a dark night?"

"But I never knew before that a mule had two ends! Friend, thou has not only entertained me wisely and well, but taught me that flattery may even beget ignorance. Come with me to my palace and be my head-boss and only chum, and if any of the gang look cross-eyed at you, away go their heads!"

A sage of great renown was sitting in his cave one evening when a wayfarer came along and put down his bundle and began:

"O, sage, I have traveled from Wau-seon on purpose to greet thee as the greatest philosopher of the age, and to ask a great favor."

"What dost thou sigh for?" asked the sage, as he tossed aside the turkey bone he had been gnawing at and wiped his fingers on his hair.

"I wouldst be a philosopher, O sage."

"What is your occupation?"

"I conduct a grocery business."

"There is philosophy in working off green watermelons and soft cucumbers," smiled the renowned.

"But not the philosophy that another generation can bring up to prove my claim to renown. Those things you speak of rather belong in the business, you know, and are acquired without thought or study."

"Well, I don't know about your being a philosopher," said the old man as he opened a bottle of beer with a great pop. "It seems to me that as a grocer, you have got a pretty soft thing. Still, we might see how you could pun out."

"Thanks, O sage, give me a lesson and let us see."

"Very well. You see that object on the ground before you? What is it?"

"An old hat, O sage."

"What is hidden beneath it?"

"I do not know."

"Then kick it."

The man from Wau-seon drew back his right foot to send that old hat flying, but it didn't fly. At the end of a quarter of an hour, when he had pulled his toes out again and chafed some of the pain away, the sage asked:

"Well, didst find out what was under the hat?"

"I didst, b'gosh!"

"Was it a feather-bed?"

"Not by a jugful! It was a ten-pound stone, and there was no soft side to it, either. Do you think I'll ever make a philosopher?"

"Not on your life, my boy! The beginning of all philosophy is to know what's under an old hat in the road before you kick it, and you were a dismal failure. Just head back for Wau-seon and your grocery business, and if you continue to give 15 ounces to the pound and three pecks and a half to the bushel, you'll get rich and die happy. Toes ache yet? Well, try some of my witch-hazel at 50 cents a bottle."

"He Isn't Fly Enough." The spider may spin a silken thread. And consider the spinning play. But he can't spin a top to save his life. 'Cause spiders ain't built that way. —Chicago Daily News.

NOT TO BE BEATEN.



First Young Thing (with pride)—Ah! my mamma has a carriage!

Second Young Thing (with more pride)—That's nothing! My mother can take out her teeth and put them back again! —Ally Sloper.

Called. "Miss Flo, are you fond of clams?" In dulcet tones asked he: The maid looked at him coyly, and "This is so sudden!" said she. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE ARIZONA KICKER

There is Excitement in Editorial Life in the West.
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Just as an Experiment.

Tuesday afternoon last, as we were busy at our editorial table, a stranger entered and began firing at us with two guns. We were too surprised to do any dodging, and our nearest pistol was ten feet away. It was all over in 15 seconds, however, and the shooter had fired 12 bullets without even grazing our hide. There were two bullet holes in the back of our chair, three through the stovepipe behind us, and a wall received the other bullets. We rose up after awhile and took the man by the neck and slammed him around until he begged for mercy. He gave his name as Elkins, and said he was on his way from Salt Lake to Prescott. When he arrived here it struck him to try an experiment. He had a curiosity to know whether an editor would fight, and what an editor would do in his dying moments. As a matter of fact he had nothing against us, and when the affair was over he subscribed for the Kicker and paid two years in advance. That was the first time we had sat down without a gun within reach for five years, and nobody need plan on the idea that we will do it again. Had we been "heeled" Mr. Elkins would now be sleeping with his forefathers. Nevertheless, he got enough at our hands to satisfy him that the editorial fraternity of Arizona is not to be walked on, and that any experiments with the craft may result in springing the bear-trap.

He Got Something.

Believing it to be the duty of every postmaster in the United States to sleep in the post office, and thus be on hand to guard its interests at all hours, we moved our bed from the Kicker office several months ago. While the office closes at nine o'clock in the evening, any of the boys who come banging at the door from that hour to daylight can arouse us and get their mail. On Monday night last, about the hour of midnight, we were aroused by some one firing six bullets into the door. We got out of bed and asked who it was and what was wanted, and a strange voice replied that if we didn't hand him out a handful of letters he'd fill the old building full of lead. He added that he also wanted a drink and a hair-cut, and that we'd better be lively about it. We were lively. We do not run a saloon and a barber shop in connection with the post office. We got down our gun and opened the door and shot three bullets through the stranger's whiskers and three more through his hat, and the way he went galloping down the street would have made a cowboy jealous. Our esteemed contemporary of the incident and used it as a foundation of the article headed: "Our Postmaster a Would-Be Murderer!" But we are not kicking about it. His weekly circulation is down to 168 copies, and nine-tenths of his readers are cross-eyed or drunk half the time.

Good for What Ailed Him.

For the past three months a man calling himself "Awful Abe Jones" has been hanging around this town on Givendarm Gulch and giving everybody the grand bluff. Two or three people who pretended to know him said that he was a terrible man to go up against, and rather than shoot him down and have the trouble of a coroner's inquest, the boys have swallowed his bluffs. Tuesday afternoon Mr. Jones got word that this climate was bad for his neck, and he stood up and defied any man or a dozen men to lay hands on him. His neck was never healthier, he contended, and it would be a cold day when he was run out of town. At 11 o'clock that night we got a quiet tip, and ten minutes later found Mr. Jones at the usual spot. He had a rope around his neck, his elbows were tied behind him, and he was weeping and entreating the dozen men standing about. The bluffing business had come to a sudden end, and he wanted to leave the gulch at once. The rope was pulled to see how it worked. It worked so well that Mr. Jones went up to the limb. He was drawn up and let down several times, and was then told to go. He went. His neck has gained several inches in length, and he had some difficulty in promising to be 20 miles away before daylight, but he got what was good for him and won't strike the next town with a whoop and a bang.

True to the Union.

Patsey—Oi fought yer fader wor a-bekkin' a yer.
Mickey—He wor; but th' twelve-o'clock whistle blew, an' he couldn't do er stroke av wor-erk after that. —Judge.

No Longer Red-Haired.

"I met that red-haired Jones girl to-day," remarked the young woman.
"Tut, tut, my dear," cautioned her mother. "Her hair is auburn now. She has just inherited a fortune." —Chicago Post.

Doesn't Approve of Her.

"Does your wife know that pretty Mrs. Gazaboo?"
"I think it is merely a sniffling acquaintance." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A Lancashire undertaker lately fell dead at a funeral he was conducting.
G. L. Watson, designer of the famous English yachts, has never owned even a rowboat of his own.

Lord Lonsdale has a curious hobby of collecting whips, and many in his possession are worth over £100.

A Canterbury canon and his bride were thrown out of their carriage and hurt recently, their horses bolting when rice was thrown at them.

Senator Depew has, on the desk of his New York private office, a little bust of Lincoln not quite completed. It was the last work done by W. W. Story.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the elder, finds his chief pleasure in music, and every evening has either a member of his family or some professional pianist play for him.

The Chinese minister at Washington has proved himself a witty after-dinner speaker. Being told of this, Senator Depew quoted Bret Harte's line: "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor."

Annie Luker, an American girl who daily dives from a height of 90 feet into a tank at the Royal aquarium, London, estimates that she has traveled 51 miles unsupported through the air.

Sleeping Bear, a full-blooded Gros Ventre Indian, successfully conducts a general store at Great Falls, Mont. He will not give his own people credit, but extends it to a limited number of whites.

Collis P. Huntington always wears when at work an ordinary black silk traveling cap. This he dons at once upon removing his hat, and his clerks have a story that no man in his employ has ever seen him barcheaded.

An odd monument was designed by an elderly maiden lady who died a few weeks ago in Athlone, Ireland. She left a fortune of £27,000 to be spent in the erection of a church, provided that her body should be converted into ashes and used in making the mortar for building the edifice.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER.

This One Had a Number of Very Good Reasons for Not Marrying.

One would scarcely go to the mountains of West Virginia to find even so much as a semblance to the story of The Lady or the Tiger, but I came very nearly doing it on one occasion. I had been invited, largely as a recognition of my position as the representative of the biggest timber firm in the section, to attend a mountain dance, and I was there having as good a time as a man can have who doesn't dance even the old-fashioned quadrilles and that kind. At the moment I was "sitting out a dance" with the prettiest mountain girl in the whole neighborhood, and I was mildly jolly, her about not being married. She was 24, which is old-maidhood in the mountains, except in the case of very pretty girls, of whom there are very few among the mountaineers.

"I could marry if I wanted to, I reckon," she said, with a shake of her head.

"Yes, there's Jim Mullins. He wants you. Why don't you marry him?" I asked, with a little more directness than might have characterized my utterances in a more conventional atmosphere.

"Huh!" she sniffed. "Jim's red-headed, and frecklier'n a turkey nig."

"John Horgan isn't. What's the matter with John? I'm sure he would have you quick enough if he could get you."

"You're foolin', colonel," she said, blushing a little. "Anyhow, I don't want John. He walks bias like ez ef he was cross-eyed in the feet."

"Well, there's Sam Hodgkin. Sam's a good fellow, and would make a good husband."

"Praps he would—fer some other lady, but not fer me. Sam's ugly enough to make a mule bray. I've seed him do it by jist lookin' over the fence."

"How's the school teacher? He isn't so bad looking, is he?"

"What, that long, ganglin', whopper-jawed thing? Why, I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth."

Finding it rather difficult to satisfy this fastidious mountain maid from the selections I was making, I became a trifle more personal.

"Well," I said, with some effusion, "since none of these will suit you, how do you think I would answer?"

"Goodness sakes, colonel," she exclaimed, with all the naivete of nature, "ef I married as nice a lookin' man ez you air, leavin' all them others livin' around here handy, I'd be a widder afore three months, shore."

It was a compliment that I could not do otherwise than recognize, and at the same time it was very embarrassing, and I don't know what would have happened if it had not been for the opportune arrival of her partner for the next dance. —Washington Star.

Ungallant.

"Oh, Mr. Ricketts!" said Mrs. Proons to her star boarder, "the ladies and gentlemen of the house have decided to have a picnic this afternoon. If you care to go I'm sure we'd all be glad to have you."

"I don't know about going with the party," replied ungallant Mr. Ricketts; "but what time does the relief expedition start?" —Judge.

TRULY EXASPERATING.

He Hated People Who Were So Positive Yet He Failed to Look to Home.

"By George!" said a Hyde Park man who was riding downtown in an early train. "I detest people who are so blamed positive about everything."

"It is a disagreeable habit," the passenger who sat next to him admitted, "and it always pleases me to see such people confronted with proofs that they are in the wrong."

"Yes, it does me, too. My wife's cousin has been visiting us for several days, and he's one of those know-it-all fellows. You can't tell him anything. Yesterday morning he was reading about this Dreyfus trial, and I gave him a pointer on how to pronounce a French word that was used. But do you suppose he was willing to admit that I knew more about it than he did?"

"I suppose not."

"No! He sat there, right at my own table, and argued with me for 20 minutes trying to show that I didn't know what I was talking about. Such people make me weary."

"Why don't you get a French dictionary and prove to him that he was wrong?"

"Oh, I looked it up yesterday and found that I was mistaken myself, but what makes me mad is the fact that he was so blamed positive about it." —Chicago Times-Herald.

SOME SHORT STOPS.

Sapient Sayings Which Savor Some-what of Wisdom Gleaned from Experience.

What we get out of life is just about the size of what we put into it.

Don't judge a man by the scowl on his face; perhaps it wasn't there before he saw you.

When a frivolous young lady tells you how awfully interested she is in the specialty you've spent 20 years trying to learn, take her word for it, and then change the subject.

It isn't always fair to judge a man by the hat he wears; perhaps it isn't so much a matter of taste as of salary.

Don't think that because Mrs. Continual Performance is busy she is necessarily doing something. The science of rowing is to get over the greatest distance with the fewest strokes.

It is a mistake to imagine that because people listen to you they are interested in hearing you talk about yourself; poverty isn't the only recipient of charity.

Don't congratulate yourself that because Business didn't throw you out of his office he was necessarily glad you had disturbed him with a social call. He smiled when you went out—not when you came in. —Detroit Free Press.

The Top of Politeness.

The most polite man in our country has been discovered. He is George A. Tracy, the milk dealer. When you call on Mr. Tracy he takes you down cellar and sets you in a chair in front of a barrel of cider. Then he starts a siphon-like arrangement, the cider flowing in an amber stream through a small hose. Mr. Tracy then places the business end of the hose in your mouth and goes away. —Williamette Weekly Journal.

Some things are better than others, but as a general thing man wants the others. —Boston Courier.

The feet of other people help the robber to get ahead. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

Drift: it is just as pleasant down the river as up. —Atchison Globe.

How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

THE FARMING WORLD

THE ROAD MOVEMENT.

There Are Several Agencies at Work Which May Make It a Great Political Issue.

Readers who see mentions of the "good roads movement" do not realize that in this there may be one of the great national issues of our politics at some time in the future, possibly within a comparatively short time. This movement was started by the wheelmen through their national organization, the League of American Wheelmen, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by it in the agitation.

The principle of the movement, as advocated by the wheelmen, is that the common roads of the country are as im-



DO BAD ROADS PAY?

portant as the railway systems, the statement being made by them, and being easily understood, that there is not an ounce of any commodity hauled over the railroads that is not first transported by wagons over country roads or city streets. It does not matter if the commodity is manufactured articles that are loaded on cars at the factory; the raw material has first to be hauled to the factory. But the greatest hauling is done in the farming districts and there it is that good highways are most needed.

The subject has not been given the attention and support it deserves, as yet, for the simple reason that private capital cannot become interested in the building of common roads since there would be no income from the investment such as there is in railways. Municipal, county, state and the national government have not had the issue brought directly before them in its full significance because it is necessary to first educate the people to the necessities of the movement. This is what is being done by the wheelmen at the present time, and it must be said to their credit that they have enlisted the sympathy and support of all the prominent farmers' organizations in the movement. With the two classes working together it is only a question of time until the movement will be made a political issue and then will come the desired improvements.

The argument offered in favor of the improved roads is, that they lessen the cost of repairs, make it possible to haul the largest amount of goods with the smallest animal power, save time and increase property valuations. No railroad company would expect to do business if its tracks and roadbeds were in such condition as to make it either impossible to use the tracks at long seasons of the year, or in using them have to lose a great deal of time and have immense repairs to make; and yet that is what the farmers and others using the common roads are doing in a comparative way every day in the year.

They make the most impracticable attempts at road building and repairing, and then wonder why there is no profit in their products, which have been hauled over bad roads at the greatest expense. It has been estimated that in the states where the stone roads have been built the cost of transportation has been decreased to 20 per cent. of the former figures, and that the roads pay for themselves within a few years. It has been further shown that the amount lost in the different ways mentioned will more than pay for the building and repairs of these roads on the annual assessments made for them, or that it costs no more each year to have good roads than it does to have bad ones.

Plain Business Proposition.
"The state can get more out of her convict labor by placing it on the public roads than in any other way, and would be decidedly more profitable to letting them remain in jail in idleness," says the New Smyrna (Fla.) Breeze.

The true dairy cow is an exceedingly sensitive creature, and is easily affected by conditions, favorable or otherwise.

THE CELERY CROP.

If the Plants Are Thrifty and Vigorous They May Be Set Out as Late as August.

In growing a good crop of celery a supply of thrifty, vigorous plants is essential. These may be grown in a seed bed. In order to have thrifty, vigorous plants, the soil should be rich and thoroughly prepared in good hills.

The plants must have plenty of room to grow, and if they come up too quickly it will pay to thin out.

In many cases a good top dressing of wood ashes after the seed is sown will be beneficial. Make the rows in the seed bed about a foot apart. The seed need very little covering, and it will pay to firm the soil well after sowing the seed; but if there is sufficient moisture in the soil to induce a good germination this is not necessary.

It is quite an item to have short, stocky plants, and if this is done the plants must have plenty of room to grow. Give cultivation to keep down the weeds and the soil in a good tilth. Some celery growers prefer to transplant twice, cutting back the tops slightly at the first transplanting. It is claimed that by this plan more and better roots may be secured.

After the plants have made sufficient growth they may be transplanted where they are to grow and mature.

In many cases celery may be grown where an early crop has been grown.

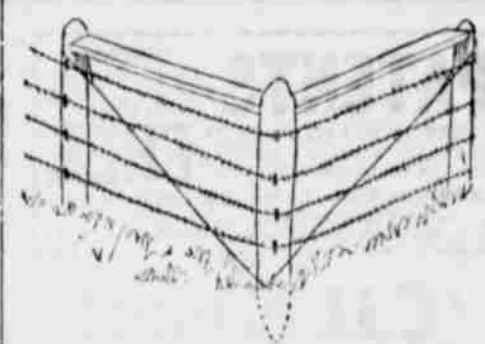
The middle or latter part of July is a good time to set out the plants, though it may be done as late as August. As the transplanting is usually done at a dry time, it will nearly always be a good plan to water the plants well an hour before taking them up. Use water enough to soften the ground, so that the plants will come up readily, and without injury to the roots.

Work the soil deep and thoroughly, and then mark out the rows four feet apart, with the plants ten to twelve inches apart in the rows. Water two or three times until the plants start to grow. Clean, thorough cultivation is necessary in order to secure a thrifty, vigorous growth.—St. Louis Republic.

WIRE-FENCE CORNERS.

To Brace Them Effectively and Securely Is Neither Very Difficult Nor Expensive.

There are many ways of securing the corners of wire fences. Weighting, anchoring, bracing, guying, etc., are used. It is neither difficult nor expensive to put in corners for a wire fence (whether barbed, woven or plain) that will not



SECURING WIRE FENCE CORNERS.

only stay, but prove perfectly satisfactory.

Select a large, straight, sound post for the corner, "planting" it at least 30 inches deep. Then six or eight feet from this, and along each line of the fence, set an ordinary post, and between the tops of each of these and the top of the corner post fix a piece of two by four scantling, spiking it securely with wire nails. Then extend a guy-wire from the top of each of these brace-posts to the bottom of the corner one, making it double at each end so it may be twisted tight.—Fred O. Sibley, in Farm and Fireside.

The Life of Peach Trees.

There is no reason for peach trees dying out in ten years, "bearing themselves out," some farmers will say. What they mean is "being starved out." A peach tree, barring accidents, should be good for 25 years. It should, however, have as good cultivation, liberal feeding, and as much general attention as an annual crop. It should be examined twice a year for borers, and when its limbs begin to die out and look straggly—so that people ordinarily will say it is played out—it should be pruned back severely—cut way back—when new vigorous shoots with dark green leaves will put forth, and the second year after a good crop may be looked for. There are many 30-year-old peach trees in the country.—Journal of Agriculture.

Bones Have Numerous Uses.

There are farmers who attach little or no importance to the bones that are thrown away and made no use of. This is a great mistake. They are an excellent thing to make poultry lay, if fresh and crushed fine with a bone mill. You can get a mill for five dollars and if you cannot conveniently purchase one at present, just crush them with a sledge or an ax. If you get a mill you can make bone meal, which is an excellent thing to feed to young chicks. They can be placed around the roots of grape vines and fruit trees, to make them yield better fruit. They also make an excellent fertilizer.—Prairie Farmer.

A SWEET REVENGE.

Clarence Was Weak on Spelling and She Brought It Up in Red Ink.

"Oh, Eleanor, I am so glad to find you here. I went up to your house, and your mother said you had come here to be fitted," and as Eleanor grasped the speaker's hand the dressmaker frowned, for she didn't want the fit of the new gown interfered with.

"Well, Daisy," said Eleanor, "I am glad, too, for I see by your eyes that you've something to tell me."

"Yes. This morning I went over to see Kit, and I ran up to her room, as we always do, you know."

"Yes," assented Eleanor.

"And she was crying. All around her on the floor were letters, and on the bed more letters. I said: 'Mercy, Kit, what's the matter?' Every now and then she would make a vicious jab at a letter and appear to be writing."

"Oh, Daisy! I am almost wild! I'm so busy!"

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Well," said Kit, "you know Clarence and I have had a quarrel—and I'm glad of it—and here she sobbed the gladdest kind of a sob—and—she sent all my letters back—and the silver bookmark—and the lovely pipe I gave him with his name engraved on it—and—oh, Daisy! I can't use any of them—how can I?—and so I'm getting his letters ready to return. I'm—I'm correcting them, and then she laughed and made another jab with her pen."

"Correcting them?" I gasped.

"Yes—correcting them. You know Clarence is a terrible speller, so I have gone over each letter in red ink and made him see that it was intentional. Humph! I'll bet he won't tell another man he broke it off!"

"I couldn't help laughing, but wasn't it a fine revenge?"—London Tit-Bits.

GOLFING AND CYCLING.

These two great sports go hand in hand. The links are perforce situated at some distance from town, and the easiest and quickest way to reach them is with the bicycle. For golf good links are needed; for cycling good roads. Golf links can be made anywhere by digging holes, and making artificial barriers. On Long Island Nature has been particularly kind. Its North Shore is all rolling country, in many places glacial action has formed hills and hollows of perfect delight to the followers of this sport. The level and beautiful ocean shore is broken in many places by rolling hills covered with grass and shrubs which go to make up links so close to the Scottish ideals that all who have played in the old country are struck at once by their wonderful fitness for the sport, and added to this the fact that the cool South breeze comes up every day throughout the summer from across the ocean and brings with it a bracing and exhilaration that nothing else can give. Nowhere but on Long Island do these conditions exist. It is unique in this as it is in its varied scenery and its unsurpassed attractions in every line. The roads are good and many beautiful side paths and cycle paths wind through the woods. The tour around the Island which can be made in three days is most enjoyable, and a week taken to the trip can be filled very full of pleasure. The camera should not be left at home, as the scenery is constantly changing, and its beauties are well worth preserving for future enjoyment.

Dreamers are the world's great architects; the toilers are its builders.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

"Ma, I'm at the head of my class," "How's that, Dick?" "Teacher says I'm the worst of all the bad boys in school."—Answers.

Why the Minister Sighed.—Jingso—"What did the minister say when the plate came up?" "Jingso—"He said he wouldn't mind so much if the buttons were all alike."—Syracuse Herald.

"I am not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me in intrusting her to your keeping for that." "Well," replied the young man, "perhaps you haven't had the same advantage for observing things as I have."—Philadelphia North American.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the customer, hotly, as by the aid of the mirror he detected a pucker across the back of his new coat. "Oh," replied the quick-witted tailor, promptly, "that is—er—the last wrinkle, sir."—Philadelphia Record.

A man with a good voice went to oblige a kink social the other evening, and the ruling elder who introduced him equivocally referred to the artist as an "amateur gentleman."—London Mail.

"Yes, that's the bride." "Very young, isn't she?" "Nineteen, I believe." "Who are those middle-aged women with her?" "Those are her unmarried sisters. She's chaperoning them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ethel (of Boston)—"They say he is very rich, but intolerably vulgar." Victoria (of Chicago)—"You're dead right, there, my dear. He's got a load of dough, but he's on the 'hog' every other way."—Judy.

A Profound Theme.—"What is encouragement, pa?" "Encouragement? Well, you can't understand, Dickey. It is something people don't get, as a rule, until after they quit needing it."—Chicago Record.

Too much good living makes a bad liver.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Exhibits at Paris.

There will be a large exhibit from this country at the Paris exposition in 1900, which will prove very interesting to all who may attend, but no more so than the new that the famous American remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will positively cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, biliousness and nervousness. To all sufferers of the above complaints a trial is recommended, with the assurance that when honestly used a cure will be effected. It also tones up the entire system.

Would Be Bad Form.

"No real gentleman, Mr. Hopkins, would ever have his photograph taken in a dress suit."

"What do you mean, Miss Simpkins?" "In order to do so he would have to wear it in daylight."—The Rival.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Sore, and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Far Back.

Greene—What a far-away look that poet has.
De Witt—Yes; he's thinking of his last meal.—Cleveland Leader.

The Best Prescription for Chills.
and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

We believe, in spite of statistics, that more girls kill themselves eating pickles than kill themselves skipping rope.—Detroit Journal.

You do not have to dry goods in the shade colored with Putnam Fadeless Dyes. They are fast to sunlight and washing. 10c per package.

Some people are like clocks; they show by their faces what sort of a time they are having.—Golden Days.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

Laziness makes all tasks seem hard; industry makes them seem light.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken Internally. Price 75c.

Money is an uncertain quantity; it's so changeable.—Golden Days.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y. For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

CYCLISTS

Insured against Chain Troubles for \$1.60

The "policy" is a "Pencook" Chain. The only accurate and satisfactory chain manufactured. Send for one, delivered FREE on receipt of price. State number of links and width, whether 3-16, 1/4 or 5-16 centers.

CLINTON CHAIN WORKS, 142 South Clinton Street, Chicago.

TO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS, USE

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Great Tammany Leader.

[The Catarrh of Summer.]



Congressman Amos J. Cummings.

New York, Oct. 11th, 1898.

Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen—Pe-ru-na is good for catarrh. I have tried it and know it. It relieved me immensely on my trip to Cuba, and I always have a bottle in reserve. Since my return I have not suffered from catarrh, but if I do I shall use Pe-ru-na again. Meantime you might send me another bottle.

Yours, Amos J. Cummings, M. C.

Summer catarrh assumes various forms. It produces dyspepsia and bowel complaint. It causes biliousness and diseases of the liver. It deranges the kidneys and bladder. Summer catarrh may derange the whole nervous system, when it is known to the medical profession as a systemic catarrh. Pe-ru-na is a specific for all these forms of catarrh. Pe-ru-na never disappoints. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book on summer catarrh.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."

JOS. KREHLING, 121 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 512

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure TOBACCO HABIT.

Oklahoma Offers Opulent Opportunities

To those who desire new lands and homes, also unsurpassed chances for industrial investments by capitalists and manufacturers.

Its Farm Products in 1898 include 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, 140,000 bales of cotton, and millions of dollars worth of other grains, fruits, etc.

Send for free copy of pamphlet entitled "The Truth About Oklahoma." At stated times low rate.

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Address General Passenger Office, The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, CHICAGO.

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College Hill, O., under the direction of the Cincinnati Special Settlement, (Inc.) Lectures on Literature, History, Science and Economics, by Prof. F. V. N. Myers, Prof. J. G. Porter, Prof. J. E. Van Cleave and many others. Located in buildings of Ohio M. I. I., one of the most beautiful suburbs of Cincinnati. Held from 8:15 to 9:30 p.m. Opened Sat. July 3, closes Aug. 5. For circular and information address:

E. E. SCHNEIDER, Business Manager, Dept. A, Station G, CINCINNATI, O.

A. N. K.—E 1766

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MEN Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For pleasing results use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At drug-gists. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.

Our correspondents are derelict in duty and we want to say that henceforth they will not receive papers except for the week they have news letters. We are dependent upon them for the news and when they fail to send in their favors they put us to great inconvenience.



GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

A. N. Haddix and wife are visiting relatives in Menifee county.

James Gibbs, of Holley creek, will move to the farm of A. R. Graham soon.

Mrs. Riley Row, of Quicksand, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Floyd Ely, of this place.

T. H. Back and wife, of Quicksand, Breathitt county, are visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Born, to the wife of Flint Little on the 8th inst., a girl, and also to the wife of All. Lindon, on same date, a girl.

B. F. Dykes, who has been at the insane asylum for some time, has returned home apparently sound and well.

Marion Brooks has fever and is pronounced in a critical condition. Dr. A. J. Nickell is attending him. Isaac Back is also very sick.

Aunt Peggie Minton, of whom we have often spoken as being afflicted with exema, is fast getting worse. Her death is only a matter of time.

Moving, now the order of the day: J. C. Pratt has moved from his farm to Lee City, and Henry Chaney has moved in his house and taken charge of his farm.

Married on the 12th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Lee Brooks, Henry Dunn to Miss Sarah Brooks, Rev. H. H. Little officiating. Long may they live and prosper, and their troubles be little ones.

Wm. Stamper and wife, and Curtis Spencer and wife, and Mrs. Clark, all of Cox neighborhood, passed through here today on their way to Magoffin county to visit friends and relatives. Roe Spencer, of this place, accompanied them.

D. H. Lindon has gone to Mt. Sterling this week with a good bunch of cattle. I tell you, Dave is a hustler. I am informed that he will be a candidate for the next sheriff of this county, and we hope that he may be successful. This writer has known him from his infancy, and can frankly say that we honestly believe that he would make us as good a sheriff as we have ever had, if not the best, notwithstanding we have had some as good as any county need want, but we can vouch for Dave because he is truthful and honest in business, and a money maker, not by fraud, but honest dealing, and has many friends, and as few enemies as any man in Wolfe county. So I think he would be hard to beat. We are for him first, last and all the time. Dave follows no bad habits that we know of, being temperate in all things, but whether he gives thanks cannot say.

Oct. 16, '99. UNCLE REMUS.

TOLIVER TOPICS.

Weed Hall is getting better who was shot a few days ago.

Porter Clark returned home today from Whitleton.

People is about done sowing wheat and making molasses in this neighborhood.

Our school election past off last Saturday very quiet. John Cox was elected by a large majority.

W. T. Clark and Jim Cox paid Hazel Green a visit last Sunday night, and missing the 12 o'clock train had to come down on walker's line.

BANJO HEAD.

SWANGO SPRINGS SAYINGS.

Lula Johnson spent Sunday at home on Lacy creek.

Rush Swango heard the sermon at Goodwin Chapel Sunday.

Misses Ora Swango and Mollie Haney, of Hazel Green, gave us a business call Saturday.

Harry Swango and wife spent part of last week visiting on Grassy.

Robt. M. Cecil and wife, of Stillwater, passed through here last Wednesday en route for Grassy.

Mrs. J. M. Rose and Mrs. Lou Maple, of your town, were in our midst one day last week.

Edward Oney, who is teaching in Breathitt, dismissed his school last week to have some repairing done on the house.

Curtis Swango, who is a member of a regiment now stationed at Ft. Thomas, Ky., is at home on a ten days' furlough.

Services were held at the home of James Rice on Saturday night, conducted by Rev. John E. Brooks and Charles Johnson. A very good crowd and excellent talks. Oct. 16, '99 UNO.

MORGAN COUNTY.

CONSOLATION CHAT.

Mr. James Taulbee is improving slowly.

S. H. Ellem was the guest of J. G. Oldfield Saturday night.

Rev. Charley Johnson preached at James Rice's Saturday night.

Logan Miller was syfaxing in this neck o' the woods Sunday.

James Lacy was in this neighborhood electioneering for matrimony.

C. C. Long, of Yocum, was visiting in this neighborhood Saturday and Sunday.

France Kemp and wife of the Chaple, attended meeting at Consolation Sunday.

C. C. Gillispie and E. L. Blankenship left for Pikeville Monday, where they will visit friends and relatives for a week or 10 days.

About one dozen persons went through Consolation neighborhood Saturday night screaming for W. J. Bryan and woke everybody on the creek.

Oct. 14, '99. THE DRAKE.



Look In Your Mirror

Do you see sparkling eyes, a healthy, tinted skin, a sweet expression and a graceful form? These attractions are the result of good health. If they are absent, there is nearly always some disorder of the distinctly feminine organs present. Healthy menstrual organs mean health and beauty everywhere.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

makes women beautiful and healthy. It strikes at the root of all their trouble. There is no menstrual disorder, ache or pain which it will not cure. It is for the budding girl, the busy wife and the matron approaching the change of life. At every trying crisis in a woman's life it brings health, strength and happiness. It costs \$1.00 of medicine dealers.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MRS. BOZENA LEWIS, of Oenaville, Tenn., says: "I was troubled at monthly intervals with terrible pains in my head and back, but have been entirely relieved by Wine of Cardui."

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

R. H. BRYAN.

SALESMAN FOR

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H. G. ROBINSON, OF BEATYVILLE, KY., WITH R. M. HUGHES, PROPRIETOR Kentucky Cider & Vinegar Works, LOUISVILLE, KY. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

WAGES OF SIN

A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD ESTD 1878 250,000 DISEASED MEN CURED WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN & PRIVATE DISEASES

250,000 CURED YOUNG MAN

Have you sinned against nature when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing? Did you only consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood contract any PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Dare you marry in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY. We treat and cure—EMISSIONS, VARIOUS, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAIN, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.

CURES GUARANTEED

"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 25 stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN 122 W. FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

CARTER DRY GOODS COMPANY,

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General Merchandise, Lumber,

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A \$12.00 Made To Order \$6.98 Man's Suit, for

BY BUYING DIRECT FROM E. ROSENBERGER & CO., 202-204 E. 102d St., NEW YORK CITY. The Largest Clothing Manufacturers in America.

OUR GREAT BARGAIN OFFER! \$5 BOYS' ADONIS SUITS FOR 2.76 with Extra Pants and we Pay Expressage.

These Suits are made up of All Wool Cassimeres trimmed with fast black Satens, the best of workmanship, cut Double Breasted, Sizes, 3 to 9 years, with Silk Embroidered Sailor Collar, 10 to 15 years, with Sailor Collar. All Pants have Patent Waist Bands. We send pieces of the cloth and extra buttons, with each suit, kindly mention if large or small for age.



SADDLES!



Since I opened my store in April I have sold in the neighborhood of \$500 worth of saddles—saddles for ladies, saddles for men, saddles for girls, saddles for boys—and in every case rendered entire satisfaction. If you need one call and see me. JOHN M. ROSE.

A. HOFFMAN & SON, W. H. PIERATT, MANAGERS, MT. STERLING, KY. 80 LICITOR, HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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17 FIRE COMPANIES REPRESENTED. Loans negotiated, and all business of the mountains solicited.

PRINTING OF ALL KINDS NEATLY AND promptly done at this office.

Advertisement for the Burdick Sewing Machine, featuring an illustration of the machine and text describing its features and availability.

Advertisement for Patents, Designs, Trade-Marks, and Copyrights, offering free advice and services.

Advertisement for Trees, featuring 'The Bluegrass Nurseries' and listing various types of trees and plants available.

Advertisement for a Hair Store, listing various hair products and services offered.

Advertisement for a 30 Days' Trial, offering a free trial of a product or service.

Advertisement for a Free Trip to Paris, offering a chance to win a trip to Paris by participating in a contest.

Advertisement for Fred J. Heintz, Manufacturing Jeweler, listing various jewelry items and services.

Advertisement for a Price List for Watch and Clock Repairing, listing various repair services and their costs.

Advertisement for a 30 Days' Trial, offering a free trial of a product or service.

Advertisement for a Free Trip to Paris, offering a chance to win a trip to Paris by participating in a contest.